Or neuer more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, You are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most vertuous Princesse,

King. And shee's faire too, is she not?

Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

King. Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.

King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor n
Yet commence, a deed mig
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyest.

Per. Traytor?

King. I traytor.

Per. Euen in his throate,
That cals me traitor I return
King. Now by the Gods
Per. My actions are as no
That neuer relisht of a base
I came vnto your Court fo
And not to be a rebell to ou
And he that otherwise acc
This sword shall prooue h
King. No? here comes m

E

Per. Then as you are a
Resolue your angry father,
Did ere solicite, or my han
To any syllable that made
Thai. Why sir if you ha
At that would make me g
King. Yea mistris, are y
I am glad of it with all m
Ile tame you ile bring yo
Will you not hauing my
Bestow your loue and yo
Vpon a stranger? who fo
May be (nor can I thinke
As great in blood as I m
Therefore heare you mist
Your will to mine; and y
Eyther be rul'd by me,
Man and wife; nay, come
And lips must seale it too

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRAR